OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

The Gree Gree Bush by James B. Connolly

Q

FER how a man knocking around the world gets here a hint, there a hint, of a thing that has been puzzling him for years, and at last, all of a sudden usually, fluds he has all the missing threads straight and untangled in his paim. I have in mind the case of Bowles. Bowles wasn't his right name at all, but we'll call him that, for it was under that name he emisted in the navy, where they still speak of him as the "Gree Gree Man." But that enlistment occurred later.

What I am about to say now of

Bowles' doings on the West Coast is the summing up of what I learned at different times from a dozen people—a couple of ship caprains, a bosin's mate in the navy, a dozen sallermee, stokers, and so on, who happened to be on the West Coast when Bowles was there. Out there Howles feld in with old Chief Thomson, who used to run things pretty much to suit himself over a country larger than many a European nation controlled.

Thomson was a name the white traders gave him. It may have been that Bowles, though Kipp was the name he took out there, possibly Bowles, coming of a hard-fibered trading ancestry, showed the old fellow a few new commercial tricks.

Old Chief was at the head of half a decrease.

Old Chief was at the head of half a dozen secret societies—at least half a dozen. Africa is rotten with secret societies, worse than any white country. One society, old Chief Thomson made little secret of —Africa for the Africans was what meant.

There was a sort of branch of the society that old Chief would not talk so freely about; but the scheme, so 'twas said, was to take boys and girls, especially girls, when they were young, and train them, so that by and by they would be able to train the coming race, to lead them to better things. The girls brought up like that used to be hid in the jungle, where if any man was found, he was put to death. Of this society, old Chief was helieved to be Zoab, which meant Grand Knight, Grand Master, Exalted Ruler, Great Mogul, whatever anybody wants to call it, and clear on up to the 133d degree.

Of course, though talky negroes sometimes gave out hints, all this was mostly guesswork with the whites. There never was one who really knew anything about them. Unless it was this same Bowles. And that was one thing they all had against Bowles—he was making up with the blocks against his own; and later when he got tangled up, and they got after him, in the Borg mystery, it was as much because of his being on the side of the natives as for the belief that he had a hand in Borg's death. This Borg was a steamer captain running up and down the West Coast, an American, a line sort according to the rating of his kind, and he had married, many years before this, a girl who, it was whispered, had negro blood in her. Traders' lies!

However, this day he went up the river to meet old Chief, taking his daughter with him. The mother being dead, she lived on the steamer with her father. Captain Berg intended only to run up to the lagoon and back; but he was a great gambler and he wound up by joining in a little game with Bowles and young Chief Thomson, who was now back from England. Next merning, Captain Berg's body was found by his erew, floating in the lagoon. It was known he could not swim, and as Thomson and Bowles said he had been drinking during the game, it was not hard to believe that he had fallen into the lagoon while looking for his landing.

But his daughter? She had gone with her father, Bowles and young Chief said, and, of course, she must have drowned with him. Well, they waited for her body to come up. But it didn't come, whereupon people began to talk. They could not reach young Chief, old Chief had too much power for that, but Bowles had to get out. Old Chief and young Chief together could not save him. If he had not gone, some of Captain Berg's crew—he had two or three desperate ones among them—would surely have klifed him. So be turried away, this time to Manila, where he enlisted in the navy.

I was a chief water tender at this time on one of the heavy-armored emisers of the Asiatic squadron, and there was an ordinary seaman who was also a great tailor, and being willing to work early and late, he used to make, oh, maybe, two buildred dollars a month over and above his pay. And being the best-hearted fellow in the world, he generally gave it away again.

Well, we were laying into Nagasaki one day when Haley broke his liberty and came aboard good and drunk, it happened to be right after some American blue-jackets had taken charge of a souvenir store where they'd been paying seventeen prices for things and then not getting the real article, though not for anything like that did our fellows begin the trouble, it was that some of them'd made the Chinese crurse before and so happened to know the money there, and when this yellow than tried to short-change them it was like sounding general quarters. There must have been, oh, a dogen or fifteen shop people sounded off that day. Well, our ship's party was known to be seen around about there at the time, and the Japanese merchant who'd lost some money and some aboard, he picked out Tailor Haley as the fran that started the trouble in his place, and a Japanese peliceman backed him up.

Now Tailor knew, as we found out later, that it was a chief petry effect who'd come so near to putiling this particular merchant out of commission, and Tailor knew, too, that that same chief water tender was drunk when he did it, so drunk that he didn't remember about it when he came to. Somebody had to go to the brig for it, and Tailor, with never a word, went; that is, no word except to say, to whiten a little the black mark against the service, "I was too drunk at the time to know what I was doing."

However, after a summary court martial, he was dishonorably discharged, but the stealing charge not proved. The officers, knowing Tailor, wouldn't stand for that,

Now, I knew that Tailor didn't do it. How? Well, Pailor and myself were great claims, and the afternoon this thing happened we were in a tea house with the Gelsha girls dancing and we sitting cross-legged on the mats, drinking tea while we watched

Now, casting back to make out why Tailor stood for what he cild, I remembered—and there were but few men for ard who didn't remember—that day before we left San Francisco and the two sisters of this chief water tender who came aboard to bid him good-by. And this chief water tender, in spite of what had happened to Tailor, was a good fellow. And if he hadn't been we'd have overlooked it for the sake of his sisters.

They certainly made prizes of the whole chief water-tender mess. They had everything going to fo it—looks and figure and the quick wit, and the heart that's more than all. And so maybe you'll anderstand—Tailor worshiping on the edge of the crowd and that chief water tender, the brothet of these girls, hoping to go up for his warrant before long. Do you see what it meant to the chief water tender and the kind of chap Tailor was—in his fourth milistment and still an ordinary seaman.

Mell, Tailor was dishonorably discharged, and there he was broke and blue, and ten thousand miles

from home. So I beat the decks with a paper, one mess after the other, and they gave like sailors and blue-jackets; chief petty officers five dollars, first-class men four dollars, second-class three, and so on down to the young apprentice boys, who give a dollar each; and many would have given mor, a month's pay some of them, if they'd been allowed. Everybody gave but one fellow—well, I won't disgrace any branch of the service by saying what division he was in; but this fellow—Bowies, as you can guess—instead of money gives me a lecture. Said Tailor shouldn't get anything from anybody. Deserved no pity—ought to have saved for a rainy day. "The sun don't shine every day," I remember him saying.

"Well, after Tailor was put ashore, three or four of us, friends of Tailor's, made up our minds that the first chance Bowles would give us we'd throw him. We'd already come to believe that 'twas him leated the Jap's cash box, and not in drink when he did it either. So we rigged up a game one day to make the Master-at-Arms open up his diddy-box and, sure enough, there was more gold than ever he drew from the paymaster. Well, that was no proof, one gold piece being pretty much like another; but only one thing did all of us here believe. And to think of him putting the Jap merchant and the policeman up to saying 'twas Tailor did that job! There was so much feeling against Bowles that all hands took to watching him night and day—and at last he was put on the beach.

We all thought we'd seen the last of him then. But one day on our way home, in Calino a year or so later, we had a big international race—English, French, German, Italian, a dozen crews. I was stroke of our ship's crew. A good hard race, and forty thousand dollars comin' to us when we crossed the line. And all I could raise I bet on that race, and when I went ashore it was with twelve hundred dollars in my clothes. Of course, it wouldn't do to take that bundle of money back to the States, so I was setting out to burn it, with a couple of good lads in my own division to help hold a match to it now and then.

And walking up from the jetty, that stone jetty with the big clock on the sort of a lighthouse, who should we meet but Bowles. There was every mark that he had gone to pieces. I saw him, but didn't let on to know him. But he signaled and I stopped. Maybe he thought I'd speak first, but I didn't. I only looked him over. Did you ever do that to a man down and out? He must be a bad one to do that to, mustn't he? Well, this was a bad one—I havent hinted at the half about him. And his eves were a bunted dog's eyes, his this like a child's that expects to be struck down. "Ghrin'—be starts.

"You mean Mr. Glavin, don't you?" I says.
"It was plain Glavin once," he says, "or maybe
you've got your warrant by this?"
On my word, I didn't think he had so much spunk

On my word, I didn't think he had so much spunk in him. "No," I says, "I haven't get my warrant and it's still plain Glavin—to shipmates and friends." He eved me cornerwise. "Mr. Glavin, you haven't the price of a meal, have you?"

"I have," I says, "of a meal or a drink, and a good many of them:"

He looked at me again as if he thought I'd speak

first, but I didn't, and the shame of it never stopped him. "Well, let me have it, will you?"

"Will I. Well," I says, "before I give you a need you'll starve to-day, if it lays with me, for what you

did to Tailor Haley."

He backs away from me, thought I was going to lift him, maybe; but I'd no more strike him than I would a leper with a broken back. "Bur I'll tell you what I will do," I goes on. "I'll go back aboard the sline and I'll tell them the whole story, and ther that, I'll pass around a paper for you."

And I did, after I'd told the story to the new men who didn't know it.

who didn't know it.

"Here's what seven hundred men of your old ship have subscribed—thirty-five cents. It'd been a thousand dollars if you'd done right. And that's for Tallor Haley," I goes on. "And if you meet anybody power than yourself before you strike a cantina or whenever it is you're going, I know you'll divide with him, you being that charitable kind," He'd turned away by then and was all but crying—in pity for himself, 1

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Well, I was home from the East on my furlough when I got word from Mr. Wilson saying that he was to be executive on one of the fast scout ships and she was started for the West Coast, and would I go with him. A fine officer, Mr. Wilson—one of the best. After a man's been in a big cruiser and a battle ship, a scout ship don't look so great, but because of Mr. Wilson I shipped in her. Good officers mean

more, after all, than big tonnage.

So we can over, putting into a little place, I never knew the native same for it, but a little place on a point making out from a black river. And there was a little lighthouse on black and white painted stilts and a lot of black sludge around it. Before we want a place of the pla

went ashore, Mr. Wilson called me to his room.

"Glavia," he says, "I may need you on this thing we got to look into. There was an American ship captain, Berg, and his daughter. He was drowned or inturnered—here, nearly two years now. The daughter was supposed to be drowned, too, but the relatives have heard rumors and thry think she may be alive. They have an idea that one of these secret societies may've get her. Now when we go ashore, you cave me and cruise for yourself till I'm ready to return to the ship. I can get all the official information I want, but the natives'll never talk to an officer, you know off by yourself you may be able to learn something."

Mr. Wisen took the steam launch and half a dozen of us of the crew gabers with him. But the man he wanted to find was at a settlement inland—fifteen or twenty miles—so we steamed up this black river.

From the river we steamed into a lagon and there Mr. Wilson met his Mr. Thompson, who was as black as one of the black bags abourd ship, though dressed like a white English swell.

While Mr. Wilson was gone off with Thomses, I got away from the village, nobody noticing me har-ticularly, or so I thought, till I drifted up a marrow path that soon led late the dark forest. After a time I saw firing from a pole alongside the rath a white cloth with a queer black design on it. Then a ninger came running after me and made a sign that I

must'nt go that way.
"Leopard lion hippo me no 'fraid," I said, but he moved his hands faster than ever.

"No. to lion-girls-womans-Gree Gree Bush!" he said. And I said, "Ho-ho;" and waved him away again. "A fine time of day," I thought, "when I've got to run away from a lot of women. Some chief's haren," I thought, a little pleased at the notion of strange sights, and pushed on. The nigger gave a sorrowful cry and ran back.

sorrowful cry and ran back.

I followed the path till I came to a stockade, maybe ten feet high, made of thick trunks of what must've been palm trees. The spaces in between were plastered with mud or clay, and the sides being so smooth I had some trouble in climbing up.

There were three buildings, long and low—bungalows they would call them in the East—and so much better build and so different from any of the other buildings I'd seen since I landed, most others being only one story things of mud and leaves, that I knew right away that they must be for some unusual purpose. And while I was puzzling over just what they

might be, I heard women's voices from inside repeating something, like as if it might be a prayer, after some leader.

They were only long white robes with a red sash around their waists, and they were an barefooted and bare-armed and all black or brown—except one, who looked to be a white girl. Her I'd noticed from the first.

Just before she filed in the door of the building near my end she looked up, and her eyes—they doubled her loveliness. I don't know what made me—I never'd been given to sheaking in strange women—"Look for me to night." I culled out, and whistled like a whip poor-will and sild down from the wall.

"Ah-h—to-night:" said a voice from behind me. I turned. There was a white man with a revolver

aimed at me.
"Well, what do you want?" I said. It was almost dusk, mind. He jumped back, with a queer noise in his threat, which made me take a sharper look. "What!" It was—but I could hardly believe it—

Bowles:

I jumps for him. He cans, but in four leaps I had him, and throwing my weight onto his back and slamming him to the ground, I took the revolver from him and turned his face up to what light was left. Sure enough it was the face I'd but seen that day on the dock in Callac.

I stuck the revolver in my jacket purket, stood him up and said, "Look here—you know I leve you, don't rout"

He didn't say anything to that, "Well, look here," I said again, and gripped him by the thront, "Now tell me what I want to know." I cased up on his thront, "Who are these women—these girls?"

"They're sacred. It's death if you're caught took.

ing in on them—death even to be here. Only the Zoah and the council can visit here, and then they must all go together at some appointed time."

"Then what are you doing here?"

A white man come in. It was Bowles, I saw-after n white. Then I closed my eyes again. He bent over me and put his eyes close to mine—I could rect him, lie went out then, but soon returned whin the algger, balks, who fed me a bawl of rice and a cup of some tind of kola nut preparation.

The tomrous stopped, and then another nigger cases in and said something to Dalko, and he motioned to me as if to say that if I had done eating we would go. They led me then, with torsiberrors ahead and behind me, by way of a jungle path, ch, perhaps a quarter mile to a building that was maybe slay by forty, with an earth floor, high studded enough for two stories, and the whole side and selfd the roof, as if for ventilation.

The place was rigged up like a lotte room of most any secret society in our country, except that there was only one platform and pedestal, at the farther end from where they stood me. Thouson stood there. All around, the others stood along the two long sides of the room, class together.

They kent me standing there with nothing sails or

They keet me standing there with nothing said or done for maybe ten minutes. Not one of them looked away from me, but I paid no attention to them. It was Thomson I was measuring up.

Bowles and Daiko had been sent out and now they came back, the door being unboited for them after a queer kneck three times given, and now they led in Captain Berg's daughter. She was dressed in white as when I had seen her, and plainly the dread of something terrible was in her eyes, but no trembling or drawing back. They placed her face to me, and



They Looked and Lacred, Like People Who Thought They Were Dreaming. Datha Even Rubbed His Tyes.

"And who's the Zonh?"
"Mr. Thomson."

"And what it I street of these to digit—somebody'll kill me, but, a pressivit be Mr. Thousen, but—or street and appeter?"
"And look here," I but to a friend a fresh squeeze, till be must be thought I really intended to choke him to death. "Who's that girl?"

What girl?"
You know what girl. Tell me right or "-I think I'd have choked him where he shood if he hadn't prevened. At how I got it out of aim she was Capinin here's dampter. She had been kidnapped, I was going to let him go when I had an inspiration. "This Zonh, this Thomson—he wants to get had of this girl, don't he?

He admitted it, it was against all the laws of the

He admitted it. It was against all the laws of the Bush society, but Thomson was plauning to get her, nevertheless. He was even plauning to kidnep her from this place—a sacrilegious thing.

from this place—a sacrifegious thing.

After that I let go his throat. "You go back," I said, "and say nothing of me. If you bint of me—feel that?"—I gripped his throat again—"I'll kill you before the ship leaves port. Get that? Well, then, get out." He backed away for half a dozen steps, then he burried off in the durings.

steps, then he purried off in the darkness.

I elimbed up on the stockade and for perhaps an hear I lay there, not moving or speaking. There were lights in the middle bungalow. After a time I whistled softly, these thice bungalow after a time I whistled softly, these thice bungalow. After a time I whistled softly, these thice bungalow will shall be distributed which the would read the softly of the state of the softly of the softly which again and again softly. I was still whistling—I had beard nothing—when a voice below me

I could hardly make her out, even in her white robe, it was so dark. I made ready to drop down

to her.

"No, no, no! You must not. They would kill you. But if you can come back—you are sailor and Absertan, yes? My father was sailor and Absertan also." She spoke good English, but slowly, as though our of practice at it. "I have been jumying prayers of my dead mother, for some great, strong, white man to come and take me."

I almost leaped down—I don't know now why I didn't. "I'll get you out of here I'll come bark with a ship's company and we won't rest till—"
I got no further A series of calls rang out from inside. "I must go back. It is for prayers before bed. If I am not there, I shall be missed. But after—I shall come back. Wait for me, but oh, take

As she fled away I did the foolish thing. Believing that if any others of the women there did hear me they would not understand. I called aloud. "I'll be waiting—don't fail!" and repeated the whip-poorwill's call, and with that dropped off outside the wall.

then Bowles and Dalko were told to leave. Bowles, first turning to Thomson as if claiming some priviions, scellful class to me, then slapped and then spat in my face taree times.

When the two were gone, Thomson came dewn from

his platform and placed a long, heavy knife in her hand.

For a long time she did not look up at me. When

she del it was to say, "Do you understand?"
I shook my head.
"You are to die. If I kill you I save my life. If I
fon't then I die and you are put to toriare."

don't then I die and you are put to torture."

"Why not?" I said to her "five got to go, anyway, and why not by you, and you save your own life?"

"No, no!" she wilspered and shook her head. "Do you not see now they will regard us? You and I—we are of one blood. And there is," she was speaking in a low voice, "a way of escape from the torture."

Her lips only framed the last three words, so that notedy else there could possibly know what she said. Her eyes sought mine, then she directed them to the infic in her hand. "Save me from him," her lips said, though no sound from them.

I looked from her to Thomson and tried to guess what he was thinking of. I looked around at his connecillors. To Thomson I looked again, and he smiled like a devil from hell; and yet there was anxiety in his eyes, too, while she stood there as if hestaring. With one last appeal in her eyes, she raised the latter and heat toward has as if to barry it into my liteast. I taked my bound bonds high as if to let her at the homewell them to my heart. "Now you tous!" hite said, and the had to reach

Now you make the stroke. On our k stroke and the bonds were cut and my hands force. With the knife in my hand I looked at Chousen and laughed. "Here," I said, and stepood toward her as if to strike; but what I intended was to pick her up and dash for the door.

Thomson called out and started forward. As he came, he swing his great war slib and harded it. I dodged, and as it struck the wall just behind me, I saw my chance. I picked it up, leaped into the air and smitched the lamp above me, then introd toward Thomson. He thought I meant it for him, and dropped on the floor, but it was ever his head I threw

it—at the other lamp
And crash! From light to dark was quick as that,
I swooned for her in the dark, took her in my left
arm, "Now." I said "here's where we'll have company going!" and leaped for the door. One man I
fell to my way, and I drove the knife deep into him
somewhere. Another, and him I knifed, too. I felt
for the door—unbarred it. All was yelling and calling by now, but I knew it would take them a few
seconds to guess what I had in mind. But the door
would not open for me—it was barred on the outside, too.

side, too.
"Stay here!" I whispered to her, and minding the two negroes just behind the to her. I reached

back and drew them close, felt for their skin coverings, pulled them off and threw them over her. "Lay there till it's over," I said, and also pulled the two bodies—I made sure they were dead by a few more jabs—and curied them are until it from and above her. At the same time I look the revolvers from their bods.

They were calling to such at the content of the co

They were calling to each other new as if to get tegether, and someholy said something. Themson's voice I thought—and I saw a little light as if someholy had just struck a match. The light fland up. I aimed up the light before it count get blazing. A yell came, and at that I began showing right and left. Whatever happened was the worse for them. There were seventy of eighty of them and only one of me. In no time all bands were thering, while I say on the ground next the balles guarding the girl and let them shoot. Feeding another body fall near me. I reached over, and to hake no mustake I drove my big kuite into him—and drew him alturable.

"You'll be safe now," I said.

And I waded in. And that his laife, fifteen inches long, deable-edged and heavy—without mil' trying I could have reached the heart of a bullock with it. Every stroke wasn't a safe dead min, but pretty ment it. Never a one I struck that didn't go down—if not dead, well on the way to it. And some of them yelled, and before I'd keifed half a dezen fresh ones, they were in a new panir, and I could hear all hands at it again, striking out with their war cluis. Then was my danger—that one of them would accidentally hit me.

When I felt a man give that most astonished grunt at close quarters, I took no changes, but windped out my knife and stabbed quick and hard.

my knife and stabbed quick and hard.

One time they quit yelling—Thomson's voles, I think, ordering; but I wasn't even sure of that, so crazy was I getting with all vides beginning to sound a good deal alike to me. They stemped and I could hear them crowding together into the middle of the place. I guessed there were half of em left yet, and that wouldn't do; so I dove in among em and started swinging, and no mortal man, white or yellow, or black, could have stood there and been hammered and cracked by an invisible hand—like black Death itself—in that black place, and not struck back.

That's where I had 'em. And I went among 'em with new speed tinly when I felt the club reach would I stop, and only then for a part of a second to make sure, and then it was lead recovered and duck low and let him have it.

of course, I got caught a few times. With bruches of 'em elliched in that dark I conduct always design 'em. But when than happened and I went down under 'em. I used the kulte back and up, and he ived 'em off me in a hurry. Twas the heaving the line off you in feetball, and I was a husky had in those cays. Of course, I got cut and bruised and what with the bruises and loss of blood I started with, I began to feel weak.

"A little more," I remember I kept saying to myself, "and it ought to be over." They rolled slippery around my feet. I fell half a dezen thace anick, there were so many of 'em on the floor, and I was getting unsteady. At the last of it I let byself down on the floor and crawled among 'em. And Twasn't till I felt there were no more af 'em left in the open that I began to wonder had I massaf any in the covers; My mind wasn't overclear at the leginning of it and surely not too dear towers the end. I think now that I was by this time half tract. I felt out pounded in the orders, but he live one there. And then I stambled onto the platform for the first time. There was one there. At first I thought he was dead like the others, but he moved under me. "An, but you're a cute one?" I said I knew him. And what d'y think I did? Inopped knife and club and went at him.

Half trany? Sure I was, "I got you Thomson," I says, and he said something, I don't remember to this day what it was. And do you know how I fixed him? I squeezed his lest nock between my fingers, and I herer let go till be fell from me, weekening broke his ne k. I guess, but I don't know. And don't time. I be seed him from me theel like, to find my old breathing like a man just come through a mission of the control of the

out to think init you're alive; and she reached out her maid for mine "Is it all ever? And what you must have gone through? Oh, the blood—you're bleeding—everywhere? Oh, if the morning were only here so I could be of use to you!"

here so I could be of use to you!"
"It will soon be here." I said, and sure enough by
and by the rays of light came through the silts up
near the reof. Then voices outside and a step at the
doer and the signal knock—three times repeated. I
answered by the same knock I had heard them giving
carlier in the night.

The bar outside was let down, the door turned, and in they came. It was Bowles and the nigger Double I'd drawn the girl to myself to one side of the door, and when they came in they did not see us. It was so dark inside, too, and sturise outside.

They blinked their eyes and looked and looked, for

They builded their eyes and bodied and locked for maybe half a minute, like possile who thought they were dreaming. Darke even rubbed his eyes as if to wake himself up. Then he turned and saw me, and seeing me he gave a shrick, fell on the floor face down, and lay there. Bowles stood stiff, so stiff that I went up to him and took his loaded revolver from him.

"Come," I said, "show me the way back to the lagoon." I turned to the girl, "Mr. Wilson will be waiting no fear with the launch and take us away."

I left Dalko where he was. I had no heart to burt him. I had killed enough. Bowles waiked alread. I gave the revolver to the girl, while I carried a war club. "If anything happens to me, if anybody lumps out of the bushes on the way," I said, "you will have the revolver to defend courself."

When we reached the lagoou the ship's launch was still writing on the opposite bank. One of our fellows was standing by her—on watch, no doubt, for me. "Miss Berg," I said, "all's well at last."

me. "Miss Berg." I said, "all's well at last."

"How are we to get "cross?" I asked Bowles, and he tolated to a dugant balf tudden in the forsaes. I make him mash it through the black shulge to the water's edge. "And now if you will get in." I said to her. She reached one hand to me to be neighed in. The band with the revolver was lowered to her safe, the side away from the. My mistake—to forget

Bowles even for a second

A cry from her and something like a deg's bark from Bowles, a report, and across the heat she fell, I leaved across her and the heat and whiteped the club across his wrist, maybe broke II—I don't know—and as he drenged the revolver into the soft mud I grabbed him and held him there, kicking and struggling while I heat over her.

"Are you hart, dear" I asked.

Never an answer, and I called to her again. "Stand
up, you!" I said to Bowles, and took him and set him
on his feet. And he stood there—as well as he could,
And I brought the war club down—as if I was
delving a stake. He went a foot deep hato the mud

"And Captain Berg's daughter," I asked him after decent interval.
"Didn't anybody ever tell you? She's my wife."

of wright, 1910.)